

“LOVE THE MOTORBIKERS!”



I want to tell you a true story that happened to me some years ago... Maybe in its context you will learn what it really means to LOVE EACH OTHER. As this is not a slogan, nor is it a call to love someone outside of you, friends, family, country etc. from someone outside of you: to love your friends, your family, country etc. No, instead it is a call to begin your internal INDIVIDUAL spiritual work, which is called: LOVE EACH OTHER.

In Holland (and I suppose all around the world) there is a certain category of people, a group, members of a motorcycle club that call themselves Hells Angels. I do not know if they exist in your country, they most probably do. They are a group of Bikers. In the ‘normal’ society, they have in general a somewhat bad reputation. Police tends to have a very negative attitude towards them, as they are considered to be criminals since their dealings involve illegal distribution of drugs, guns, prostitution etc.

I saw them many times here in Amsterdam in a large convoy of motorcycles (most of which are Harley Davidson) as they rode in their black leather jackets with severe expressions on their faces, projecting some unexplained hatred and even contempt for other people around them.

“Those awful thugs” - I often repeated to myself – “From this kind of people appear all the fascist-minded youth!” All of these judgmental thoughts stuck with me for many years. Actually, I didn’t judge them. I just had such an attitude towards them inside myself.

One fine day, as I was going for a walk in the center of Amsterdam, I once again saw this group on their motorcycles. They were creating so much noise as they were revving their engines that they managed to trigger the alarms of all the cars that were parked nearby. This in turn left all the people around them in a daze. At that moment I could not stand it anymore and said to myself: “Aah, these loafers! Who can stop them?” or something like that, meaning that I projected my internal discontent or even more – resentment - towards those bikers!

On the same night, when I lied down to bed, I heard a familiar softly paced voice inside me, that said: “Love the bikers!” and nothing more. (Please, do not think, that when I said that I heard ‘a voice’ that I meant some decibels.).

I did not receive any further clarification on how SPECIFICALLY I had ‘to love the bikers’. “But how can it be” - I protested internally to myself – “How can I love those...? How do I implement a requirement of that dear soft inner voice, which I was so accustomed to trust in any situation?

On the next day, in the morning I found on the internet the location of the headquarters of the Hells Angels in the center of Amsterdam, and without saying a word to my wife, went there.

As I stepped into their office, I saw something like a store ‘for their own kind’, where among other merchandise, I saw the famous jackets of this club. Their red emblem was stitched on the front and on the back of it: in enormous red letters was written in English: BIG RED MACHINE. Those jackets, as it turned out, were only provided to the members of the club. I was not a member of course and I would not become one, as I do not belong to any club or group in the world!!!

After seeing my very strong urge to acquire this jacket, their leader, a very famous biker, said: “You are allowed, you can buy it!” I chose a jacket of a fitting size, paid and left.

Since that day, I was riding my bicycle around in Amsterdam in this jacket... in the open, in front of the entire Amsterdam in order to LEARN FEELING MYSELF AS A BIKER. And that in order to learn the MENTALITY of the people, which I still considered to be ‘scoundrels’. I already knew, that this my outer disguise was not my idea: I had to discover this desire and power inside of me, that is called ‘biker’, by becoming also INTERNALLY one of them and starting LOVE THEM!

Eventually I started to succeed. I began to feel the thrill, as I proudly walked in this jacket with my head up, because I began to feel myself inside belonging to the bikers. When I saw a group of policemen walk or drive by in their vehicles, it seemed to me that they were looking at me with caution and respect (‘as you never know what this guy is up to’).

I used to go for a walk with my wife, wearing this same jacket. So one day, when we were walking on the Dam square, in front of the Royal palace, suddenly someone slapped me on the shoulder. As I turned around, I saw a huge thug wearing a jacket, which I did not recognize. He kindly hugged me, and as he saw certain confusion on my face, he turned around and on the back of his jacket I saw the emblem of the same club: “Big Red Machine”. “Hello, brother” – he said to me... “Hey, brother” – I answered him just as openhearted, and we proceeded to hug one another. (Later on I found out that all bikers call each other ‘brothers’ – we could learn from that!)

I wore this jacket until yesterday... and now I feel that I found the biker inside of myself, and learned to love him with one true love! Now I do not have this INTERNAL need anymore to wear the biker jacket to remove any kind of distrust and contempt towards them, and even more than this: to acquire LOVE for each of them!

This is the kind of internal work on oneself that I had in mind, when I called each one of you to LOVE ONE ANOTHER. This is what each of you has to do every day and send your posts

about your own unique spiritual work! How can you post messages about some Jesus Christ that you know only from some story? Can you tell me what do you really understand from this? Is it even possible to understand any of this without DAILY individual spiritual work on oneself, via the methods taught in Lurian Kabbalah – CHILDREN of Yeshua?!